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IN DIVERS TONES.

BY THE  
SAME AUTHOR.

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VERSES.  
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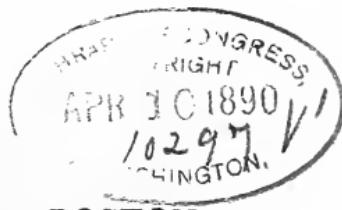
# IN DIVERS TONES

BY



Herbert Wolcott Bowen

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BOSTON

J. G. CUPPLES CO., PUBLISHERS

The Back Bay Bookstore

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# IN DIVERS TONES.

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## A SYLVAN SCENE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ: UNKNOWN.

*A young lady climbs over a rail-fence, and on reaching the ground is accosted by a young man who has been watching her from behind a tree.*

HE.

GOOD morning, fair maid! —  
Nay: be not afraid!  
Before have we met.  
Why then be so rude  
As to hasten away?  
Thy name I forget,  
But here in the wood,  
Last summer, one day,  
Exchanged we a greeting.  
Dost remember the meeting?

SHE.

Suppose I say *yes*?

HE.

Thou canst not say less;  
So add, pray, *with pleasure*.

SHE.

One's words one should measure.

HE.

In court, not in courting,—  
Forgive my retorting.

SHE.

I beg thee desist.

HE.

I cannot resist.

SHE.

What? being so witty?

HE.

No; one that's so pretty.

SHE.

Thou darest to flatter?

HE.

I dare,— but no matter.

SHE.

Go on ! I command thee.

HE.

No, no ; I 'll withstand thee.

SHE.

I thought thou didst say,  
" 'T is hard to resist " ?

HE.

I thought thou didst pray,  
" I beg thee desist."

SHE.

Suppose I say *yes* ?

HE.

Thou canst not say less ;  
So add, *with regret*.

SHE.

To add makes me fret.

HE.

I 'd soothe thee, and quiet.

SHE.

Suppose I should try it,  
Pray, how wouldst thou soothe ?

HE.

Thy brow I would smooth  
In this gentle way.

*(Smooths her brow.)*

SHE.

And show me now, pray,  
How "quiet" thou 'dst make me.

HE.

*(Draws her to his breast.)*

In my arms thus I 'd take thee,  
And thy speech I 'd confine,  
With my lips pressed to thine.

*(Kisses her.)*

SHE.

For shame ! let me go !

HE.

Suppose I say *no* —  
Would it cause you distress ?

SHE.

Thou canst not say less :  
So add —

HE.

I adore thee !

SHE.

Repeat, I implore thee !

HE.

(*Releases her.*)

But hush !

SHE.

(*Excitedly.*)

Some one 's calling.

HE.

Intrusion most galling !

But I 'll pass for thy brother.

SHE.

Thou canst not ; 't is mother.

HE.

Then I 'll pass from thy sight,

(*Tenderly.*)

From day unto night.

SHE.

Farewell ! do not kiss me.

(*Submits.*)

HE.

I 'll fly. Wilt thou miss me ?

SHE.

O go ! I entreat !

HE.

I 'll fly, I repeat.

*(Does not move.)*

SHE.

There she is !

HE.

Has she seen us ?

SHE.

There 's a tree now between us.

Besides, she 's near-sighted.

HE.

She is ? I 'm delighted.

SHE.

O look ! there 's another !

HE.

Who is it ?

SHE.

*(Alarmed.)*

My brother.

HE.

By Jove !

SHE.

*(Still more alarmed.)*

And old Fido

He has at his side, oh !

HE.

If I wait I shall see

Thy whole family tree.

SHE.

O go !

HE.

Well, good-by !

*(Kisses her and turns away.)*

SHE.

Don't forget me !

HE.

Not I.

SHE.

*(Dejectedly, to herself.)*

Thus joy ends in sorrow.

HE.

(*Turning round.*)

Let's meet here —

SHE.

(*Enthusiastically.*)

To-morrow !

(*They kiss their hands to each other.*)

## WHEN BOOKS WERE FEW.

### ROUNDEL.

WHEN books were few, life must have been  
Embittered more with pain and rue.  
Time must have had an awful mien  
When books were few.

And yet the sky was just as blue,  
The fields were just as fair and green,  
And hearts were just as fond and true.

Who knows but man was more serene,  
And quicker, deeper comfort drew  
From every living source and scene,  
When books were few.

## A RECONCILIATION.

HE found her in her room,  
Half hidden in the gloom,  
And humming  
A plaintive little air  
That tells of love's despair  
The coming.

She brushed her tears aside,  
And from the past she tried  
To borrow  
A smile to make him feel  
At ease, and to conceal  
Her sorrow.

But, for his cruel course,  
The air to deep remorse  
Had moved him :—

He oft had sung it, too,  
Before he ever knew  
She loved him.

He raised his eyes above,  
Of his undying love  
In token ;  
When with a sob he knelt  
Beside her, and he felt  
Heart-broken.

She clasped him to her breast,  
Which he had so distrest  
And wounded,  
And said, in him once more  
Her faith was, as before,  
“ Unbounded.”

He ne'er forgot the word,  
And ne'er again he heard  
Her humming  
The plaintive little air  
That tells of love's despair  
The coming.

## LINES ON A BEAUTIFUL LADY.

### TO A BEAUTIFUL GIRL.

SHE, too, had beauty plenty  
When she was one-and-twenty ;  
And no one ever started  
In life more sunny-hearted  
Than she.

Her lovers, too, were many ;  
And of them all not any  
There was but would have given  
His hope of going to heaven,  
Her slave on earth to be.

She still had beauty plenty  
When she was five-and-twenty,  
And 'rose where she 'd been kneeling,  
While all the bells were pealing,  
A bride.

Ah, yes ! she looked so queenly,  
One could not gaze serenely  
Upon her, though one never,  
Perchance, had dreamed he ever  
Might stand there at her side.

She still has beauty plenty,  
Though now twice five-and-twenty ;  
But deeper 't is and rarer ;  
For 't is her soul that fairer  
Has grown.

Ay, wounded oft and gravely,  
She's fought her battles bravely,  
And sacrificed to duty  
Her superficial beauty,  
As you too would your own.

## IN CAPTIVITY.

I OFTEN, on a sunny day,  
    Look far away  
Beyond my work, and looking, dream  
    That by a stream,  
Or over meadows fresh and fair,  
    Without a care  
I wander ; and the while I give  
My heart and soul to all I see ;  
And then it is I truly live.  
But startled recollection brings  
Me back to sad reality —  
Of life and fate I then complain ;  
    But all in vain :  
I 'm like a captive bird that sings  
    Of joyous things,  
Then beats his cage with wretched wings.

## INDEFINABLE.

ALL efforts to define it

In words were incomplete :

'T is something grand and thrilling ;

'T is something subtly sweet.

In certain strains of music

Its haunting voice I hear ;

In poems oft, and paintings,

It leaves a smile or tear.

Then too I see it, feel it,

In nature, here and there ;

And in my heart it lingers,

Like perfume in the air.

But even in the moment

I think it is my own,

To guard and keep forever, —

Like perfume it is gone.

And then my heart feels empty,  
And, musing, I repeat,  
'T is something grand and thrilling,  
'T is something subtly sweet.

## THE WORKS OF MAN AND OF NATURE.

### SONNET.

THE works of man are always incomplete  
However much he has of sacred fire,  
And always leave us something to desire.

His own ill-judgment, faults, and failings cheat  
His care, and in his every work repeat  
Themselves : so all in vain doth he aspire  
To keep for brush or chisel, pen or lyre,  
His inspiration heavenly pure and sweet.

But in the works of Nature we behold  
Design and execution truly one :  
The sky, the clouds, the mountains, grove and  
wold,  
The snow-flakes, dew-drops, beams of moon and  
sun,  
The rose, the lily, and anemone,  
Are all what she intended them to be.

## THE ORDER OF THINGS IS CHANGING.

THE order of things is changing ;  
A glorious day is breaking ;  
From darkness and superstition  
Mankind, exultant, is waking.

The faith that has tortured reason,  
Soon reason itself will banish ;  
The cry for justice will triumph,  
And resignation will vanish.

To the Present, not to the future,  
Our souls we shall soon be giving ;  
Our dread of our own damnation  
Will change to love for the living.

The order of things is changing ;  
A glorious day is breaking ;  
From darkness and superstition  
Mankind, exultant, is waking.

## FAIR MONTH OF MAY.

FAIR month of May, fair month of May !  
What mortal maid would dare to say  
Her charms compare with thine? Behold,  
At thy return the buds unfold,  
And myriad flowers smile on thee,  
And brooklets sparkle merrily,  
And birds to every wild and wood,  
To every place of solitude,  
Proclaim that thou art come again,  
And all mankind take up the strain,  
Until the earth and sky above,  
United 'neath thy sunny sway,  
Are filled with praise of thee and love,  
Fair month of May, fair month of May !

## UNHEARD.

THE bird  
That sings its song,  
    Unheard,  
All summer long,  
I' the solitude  
Of some deep wood,  
Sings not the less  
For happiness.

## LIFE-SONG.

MERRY are the melodies  
Issuing from the leafy trees.  
Perfumes sweet are hovering over  
Brooklet banks and fields of clover.  
Valleys pied with myriad flowers  
Charm away the sunny hours.  
What a lovely world is this !  
And the dead — how much they miss !

## LIFE.

THOUGH fleet  
Is this our life,  
And full of strife,  
'T is sweet.  
So very sweet, forsooth,  
That, given health and youth,  
I fain on earth would stay  
Forever and a day.

## TO LORRAINE, WITH A ROSE.

TURNED my thoughts were by this rose  
To thy pure and gentle breast.  
Nature's sweetest charms are those  
That still sweeter thoughts suggest.

## TO A THRUSH.

WHAT wondrous power is thine, O thrush !  
The very roses seem to blush  
A deeper red when thou dost sing ;  
The amorous vines more fondly cling  
To trunk and bough ; and still more lush  
The grasses by the brooklet grow.  
Could I pour out my joy and woe.  
As thou dost, I perchance might wring  
My lady's heart with wretchedness -  
That she has caused me such distress,  
And then persuade her to bestow  
On me her favor — but, ah me !  
Too well I know it cannot be.  
I 'm doomed, alas ! to loneliness,  
To torturing dreams and jealousy.

## WHEN FIRST I LOOKED ON THEE.

THE beauty of thy face,  
Thy perfect form and grace,  
When first I looked on thee,  
Did move  
The very soul of me,  
And I cried inaudibly,  
“ My love ! ”

## A MESSAGE.

GENTLE zephyr, if to me  
Thou wouldst kind and courteous be,  
Do not to my lady bear  
Ev'n a hint that I despair ;  
For I fain her heart would move,  
Not through pity, but through love.  
Whisper to her **only this**,  
That I send by thee a kiss.

## FLOWER SONG.

I LOVE the fragrance and the hue  
Of blossoms on the apple trees.  
I love sweet violets wet with dew,  
And daisies and anemones.  
I love the flower unknown to bees,  
Th' adventurous Alpine traveller seeks.  
But more — much more than all of these —  
I love the roses of thy cheeks.

## I YEARN FOR THEE.

I YEARN for thee,  
Burn for thee,  
Sigh for thee,  
Die for thee,  
    Dearest,  
    Despairing,  
    Not caring  
        To live.  
    Yet give  
    But a sign  
    Thou 'lt be mine,  
And I 'll hie to thee,  
    Fly to thee,  
    Dearest,  
Rejoiced that I yearned for thee,  
    Burned for thee,  
    Sighed for thee,  
    Dearest,

And all but died for thee,  
Dearest.  
So call to me,  
Call to me,  
Dearest.  
Be all to me !

## LORRAINE.

LORRAINE has golden hair  
That falls below her knee  
In waves of witchery ;  
A forehead low and fair ;  
And ears like dainty shells ;  
And then a dreamy eye,  
Gray as the autumn sky,  
Which hints but never tells  
Of what goes on within ;  
A nose with nostrils fine ;  
A dimpled cheek and chin ;  
And oh ! a mouth divine.  
Her hands and feet are small,  
She 's graceful, lithe, and tall,  
And always at her ease ;  
And, best of all,  
She loves to please.  
To know her, is to know the worth  
Of all that 's sweet and fair on earth.

## BOWER-SONG.

THE moments that I pass with thee  
    In these secluded bowers,  
Where Nature loves to exercise  
    Her subtlest spells and powers,  
Are sweet to me as to the bee  
    Are dewy summer flowers,  
And from them honey I derive  
    For lonely, wintry hours.

So go not yet ! The sun is still  
    The happy world surveying ;  
And on the graceful leafy twigs  
    The merry birds are swaying ;  
And in the neighboring fields and glades  
    The silent herds are straying :  
Besides, dear love, there always is  
    Such pleasure in delaying.

## THINE EYES.

THINE eyes are like the night—  
At times so dark and cold  
That in the deepest gloom  
My spirit they infold.

And then, at times, so bright,  
That, soaring up above,  
My spirit reaches Heaven  
In ecstasy of love.

## WITHOUT AND WITHIN.

Belovèd mine, when sad and drear  
    The scenes appear  
Of life without, to still my sighs  
    I close my eyes,  
And look within : then all is fair ;  
    For thou art there.

## DOST THOU KNOW?

Dost thou know thine eyes are bright  
With a peace-disturbing light ?  
Dost thou know thy smile makes sweet  
Ev'n the dust beneath thy feet ?  
Dost thou know thy touch doth reach  
Depths that ne'er were moved by speech ?  
Dost thou know thy love is worth  
More to me than Heaven or earth ?

## IS LIFE WORTH LIVING?

RONDEAU.

Is life worth living? Who, I pray,  
Your joys and ills but you can weigh?  
To me your question but implies  
A horrid doubt, in thin disguise,  
Which still persists on hearing "Nay,"

Which shakes its head on hearing "Yea,"  
And, ghost-like, haunts you night and day.  
Your very soul it is that cries,  
"Is life worth living?"

Whom else it haunts, 't is hard to say:  
Among you are the young and gray,  
The rich and poor, the weak and wise—  
All kinds your number doth comprise  
Save lovers: they ask not—not they!—  
"Is life worth living?"

## TO LORRAINE IN SORROW.

SORROW, till it came to thee,  
Only cruel seemed to me.  
Softened by thy smiles and tears,  
Beautiful it now appears ;  
And it makes me love thee more  
Than I ever loved before.

## IN ANSWER TO A FROWN.

GIVE with your love that boundless faith  
That I with mine give you,  
And never any jealous wraith  
Will haunt us nor undo.  
No better safeguard honor knows  
Than that which boundless faith bestows.

Still, if the power beyond you lies  
Such boundless faith to give,  
My self-respect too much I prize  
A double life to live.  
I could not to myself be true,  
Were I a moment false to you.

## GROVE SONG.

THE moon is beaming  
On lake and grove,  
And I am dreaming  
Of thee, my love ;  
And how utterly lonely  
I feel to-night  
The whip-poor-will only  
Interprets aright.

Yet as great a gladness  
Were mine, I trow,  
As now is my sadness,  
Did I but know,  
While the moon is beaming  
On lake and grove,  
In turn thou art dreaming  
Of me, my love.

## A CONFESSION.

### ROUNDEL.

I 've loved but thee, who art — but stay !  
If told the startling truth must be,  
I 'll speak : forget the words, I pray,  
“ I 've loved but thee.”

'T was not on Herrick, but on me  
That Julia cast for many a day  
Her wondrous spell of witcherie ;

And I it was who, wakeful, lay,  
And sighed that I should never see  
Rose Aylmer : so I cannot say,  
I 've loved but thee.

## DREAMING AND WAKING.

WE close our eyes ; we dream ;  
Our life's conditions change ;  
And everything seems true,  
And nothing strange.

Just now I dreamed that we  
Were sailing on a lake,  
And that I fell asleep,  
And could not wake.

You took my heavy head,  
And held it on your breast ;  
And on my lips and eyes  
Your lips you pressed.

But at their touch you breathed  
A loving sigh and deep ;  
Your head sank close to mine ;  
You shared my sleep.

One being did we seem ;  
One memory, too, we had,  
Which brought back all our pasts,  
The good and bad.

Much never understood,  
We understood at last ;  
And much we feared to tell  
Back in the past.

We understood, and smiled  
The smile of perfect love ;  
And fair the whole earth grew,  
As heaven above.

All thought of busy life  
Passed from our future's scope ;  
No smallest want we felt,  
No need of hope.

Meanwhile our steady skiff  
Had risen from the lake,  
And now by many a star  
Its course did take.

As single sunny days  
Whole æons passed away ;  
And on, still on, our skiff  
Sped like a ray.

At last, as from afar,  
Sweet music did we hear,  
Which thrilled us with delight  
As we drew near.

Then came a flood of light,  
A sense of heavenly bliss,  
And then my lips returned  
Your burning kiss.

Ah, God ! 't was sweet to dream  
We shared the life divine ;  
Yet sweeter 't was to wake,  
Belovèd mine ;

For I would rather feel  
Your kisses, hear your sighs,  
Than have eternal peace  
In paradise.

## FIRESIDE ILLUSIONS.

### SONNET.

THE summer's gone, and yet the languid air  
Still thrills me with its fragrance, and I hear,  
Among the sensuous, pleachèd pines, the clear  
Exultant songs of birds that upward bear  
My spirit far from every earthly care,  
And free it from forebodings dark and drear ;  
And now I feel that thou art drawing near :  
'T is thou, indeed, and oh, my God ! how fair !

Thine eyes are full of love, of love untold ;  
And 'gainst thy leaping heart thy hands are  
pressed ;  
I cry thy name, then rush to thee, and fold  
Thee blushing, burning, trembling, to my breast ;  
I feel thy kisses, hear thy sighs, — ah me !  
I do not need to sleep to dream of thee.

## NIGHT SONG.

WE have said good-night and parted,  
(The stars are shining above,)  
And homeward I turn heavy-hearted,  
(There 's always sorrow in love.)

The whip-poor-will sings in the wood,  
(The stars are shining above,)  
As if he, too, understood,  
(There 's always sorrow in love.)

## IN DARKNESS.

WHAT wind ! what rain ! what gloom !  
    No tomb  
Is in such sorry plight  
    For light,  
As is my little room  
    To-night.

Ah, why art thou not here,  
    My dear ?  
Thy touch, thy voice, thy sight  
    Would quite  
Dispel the darkness drear  
    To-night.

## WITHOUT THEE.

My fancy often heeds  
My heart's desire, and leads  
Thee over  
The thousand leagues of sea  
That part thee now from me,  
Thy lover.

I press my lips to thine ;  
My arms I fondly twine  
About thee ;  
And I remember not  
The while how sad 's my lot  
Without thee.

## AT SUNSET.

ON yonder hills above the shadowy plain,  
Still rests the rosy, loving light of day ;  
One moment I forget, and smile again,  
Then memory comes and steals my peace away.

## THE PURSUIT.

HOPE stood on the hill-top,  
And I in the vale,  
She charming and rosy,  
I eager and pale.  
She beckoned me to her,  
And to her I sped,  
But, ere I could reach her,  
Far from me she fled.  
Her signs she repeated ;  
Again I pursued,  
But still she retreated,  
My arms to elude.  
Retreating  
And cheating,  
Again and again,  
She beckoned me to her,  
And made me pursue her ;  
But ever in vain.

And yet a deceiver  
I did not believe her,  
Until at last  
From my sight she passed,  
And I found me alone  
In a land unknown.

## REST.

THE heavens were clouded,  
And damp was the air;  
My heart it seemed breaking  
With leaden despair;  
When suddenly near me  
Sweet Memory came,  
And greeted me gently,  
And called me by name.  
She sat down beside me,  
And promised to be  
A friend and companion  
Forever to me.  
I listened,  
While glistened  
The tears in my eyes,  
And when she had ended,  
I said, "Thus befriended,  
My life I shall prize."

And no one but she  
Has been dear to me,  
Since I found me alone  
In this land unknown.

## DUM VIVIMUS VIVAMUS.

LIKE everything else,  
We are made of the dust,  
And come into life  
Because we must ;

And round and round with the seasons we go,  
Now smiling with pleasure, now weeping with woe.

We must take what comes,  
Be it good or ill ;  
And watch what goes  
With impotent will ;

So let 's prove we are wise, through our life's short  
years,  
By enjoying our pleasures and drying our tears.

## PURSUE THY WAY.

RONDEAU.

PURSUE thy way ! where'er it lead —  
Through many a sweet, melodious mead,  
    Where idle friends contented lie,  
    Or over mountains steep and high,  
Where none are near, wouldest thou succeed.

And neither stay with friends that plead,  
Nor stop to bind thy feet that bleed ;  
But onward ! with unfaltering eye  
    Pursue thy way !

However great may be thy need  
Of strength, enough to do thy deed  
    Will come to thee, if " Do or die "  
    But be thy soul's persistent cry.  
So, onward ! slacken not thy speed !  
    Pursue thy way !

## MISINTERPRETATIONS.

OUR tears we many a time have shed,  
And looked to the Future with infinite dread,  
But only at last with a smile to perceive  
That cause we had none to fear or to grieve.

And many a time, by illusions beguiled,  
We have thought we were favored by Fate and  
have smiled,  
When, had we but known what since we have  
learned,  
The hottest of tears our cheeks would have  
burned.

## BEAUTY AND LOVE.

WHEN beauty attracts and speech allures,  
And virtue captivates, love endures ;  
But beauty alone has ephemeral charms,  
And love dissolves in her very arms.

## ART HAS NO BOUNDARIES.

WHATEVER in art is truly great  
Is based on a truth that has no date,  
But always was, and ever will be,  
And ignores the limits of land and of sea.

## LOVE'S BEGINNING AND END.

THERE is nothing in all the realm of bliss  
So ineffably sweet as love's first kiss ;  
And nothing there is in sorrow's sphere  
So utterly sad as love's last tear.

## A COMFORTING THOUGHT.

SOME reason to be glad  
We all have, ev'n the sad ;  
For they have this, at least :  
To live they'll soon have ceas'd.

## “OUR RELIGION.”

THE gospel taught by Christ has never been  
Accepted yet by any race or state :  
On every page of history is seen  
That “our religion” is not love, but hate.

## A COMPARISON.

THE Future tells us nothing : hidden lies  
Its purpose from the sharpest mortal eyes.  
The Present tells us little : dazzled, we  
Undue proportions give to all we see.  
The Past tells much : to those with sense supplied  
It is a present help, a future guide.

## ANSWER TO A NOTE OF THANKS.

AGAIN, fair lady, you will have to try  
The sender of the roses to discover;  
Now that you 're certain that it was not I,  
You 'd better thank *your next most modest lover.*

## TO MY PIOUS FRIENDS.

I WOULD not blame you, much less abuse,  
And yet at times I cannot but laugh,  
When I see how readily you confuse  
The Lamb of God with the Golden Calf.

## LOIS.

### SONNET.

ADOWN the silvery stream Maurice is rowing,  
And fair-haired Lois in the stern is minding  
The wayward rudder through the sunshine blind-  
ing,  
Which ne'ertheless prevents her not from throwing  
Swift, furtive glances on his features glowing  
With keen exhilaration, nor from finding  
A nook beside the mossy bank and winding,  
Where they may rest, and catch the breeze that's  
blowing.

There, as a bud, with secret sweetness laden,  
Unfolds its petals to the summer morning,  
Fair Lois blossomed forth into a maiden,  
And of the change a burning blush gave warn-  
ing,  
Which any one, except her timid lover,  
Had not been sorely puzzled to discover.

## EPITAPH.

ERECTED is this stone  
In memory of one  
Who never once was heard  
To speak a truthful word.  
Nor has he changed. So hush!  
Pass on! and for him blush  
Up to your very eyes!  
For even here, *he lies.*

## WHAT FOLLOWED ?

A DAINTY little hand has she,  
With tapering, rosy tips,  
And when last night she smiled on me  
I pressed it to my lips.

“ What followed ? ” Prithee, question not !  
And yet this hint I ’ll give, —  
'T is not a disagreeable lot  
From *hand* to *mouth* to live.

## FAITHFUL.

### TRIOLET.

SHE loved and lost long years ago,  
    But faithful still remains and true.  
Gay youths and maidens whisper low,  
    “ She loved and lost long years ago ; ”  
And love seems holier since they know,  
    That till she dies they ’ll whisper too :  
“ She loved and lost long years ago,  
    But faithful still remains and true.”

## HOW SHE WON HIM.

RONDEL.

SHE stood on the tips of her toes,  
And slyly peered over the wall  
At his martial figure and tall,  
The cause of her secret woes ;  
Yet little did he suppose,  
The gallant, impetuous Paul,  
She stood on the tips of her toes,  
And slyly peered over the wall,  
Until at his feet a rose  
Her trembling fingers let fall,  
And then he discovered all.  
To win him the whole world knows,  
She stood on the tips of her toes.

IN MEMORIAM  
ULYSSES S. GRANT.

I.

COURAGEOUS, strong, pure-minded, calm, and just  
Was he in whom we placed our hope and trust,

II.

When dissolution, hotly, madly planned,  
Was fiercely threatening our belovèd land.

III.

Great was the trust : he proved it well deserved.  
Sublime the deed : the Union he preserved.

IV.

Then was he folded to the Country's heart,  
And chosen to take the highest civic part.

V.

His motto “ Peace,” he brought, from sea to sea,  
The sundered sections into sympathy.

VI.

Such was his life-work : grander has been none.  
He lives with Lincoln and with Washington.

## AMERICANS !

AMERICANS, stand by your past !  
Remember your forefathers cast  
Their fortunes and lives in the scale  
That liberty here might prevail,  
And that this your country might be  
Forever the land of the free !

Remember, when freedom was gained,  
What self-control they maintained,  
And what efforts they made to give  
A government that should live,  
And evermore worthy be  
Of a people proud and free !

And remember, now they are dust,  
That on you devolves a trust  
The grandest, noblest, and best  
That ever a people possest !  
To all your traditions hold fast !  
Americans, stand by your past !

## NATIONAL HYMN.

BLESS the United States,  
Ruler of nations' fates,  
Great God above !  
Grant that forever free,  
True to our trust and Thee,  
We may united be  
Closely in love ?

Bless us in all the arts,  
Bless us with crowded marts,  
Our hopes increase !  
Bless us with lasting light,  
Bless us with love of right,  
Bless us with matchless might,  
Bless us with peace !

## A NARROW VIEW.

### ROUNDEL.

A NARROW view, my clever friend,  
Is what the world 's accustomed to.  
Men love, because they comprehend,  
A narrow view.

With genius such as yours is, you  
Will quickly rise if you commend  
Accepted truths, objurgate new,

And if your stanch support you lend  
To some stiff creed, or party hue ;  
For sects and parties all defend  
A narrow view.

## A REBUKE—UNSPOKEN.

“How could she?” you a red-lipped woman ask !  
Ah, God ! that I might tear away your mask  
Of base hypocrisy, and from your soul  
Learn all the lapses of your self-control,  
Read all your secret thoughts, your longings sweet,  
And note the times when if but at your feet  
A lover knelt, you too had smoothed his brow,  
Drank in his words, believed his every vow,  
Had strained him wildly to your breast,  
Had given your burning lips and all the rest,  
Had sighed because you had no more to give,  
And been as glad to die for him as live.  
Yes ; chance, the lack of chance, has saved your  
soul,  
And not your virtue or your self-control.

## SAPPHO.

LONG the night was ; crushed is her heart and  
bleeding ;

Still she watches, on her divan reclining ;  
Pale her cheek is, pale after hours of pleading,  
Passion, and pining.

“ Worse,” she cries, “ than torture such woe as  
this is.”

Then she calls again and again her lover ;  
Till her brow the pitying Dream-god kisses,  
Hovering above her.

On her closèd eyelids dark circles languish ;  
Clasped her hands are over her golden tresses ;  
Quivering still her lips are, and still her anguish  
Scarce any less is.

Why the change that suddenly now comes o'er  
her ?

Doth she feel the breeze with aromas laden ?

Blow a while, sweet breeze, and to joy restore her,  
Desolate maiden.

Nay ; a sunbeam over her bosom falling  
Thrills it through and through with illusions  
beguiling :

Round her love she twines her soft arms inthrall-  
ing,  
Blissfully smiling.

## TO GERALDINE.

WORDS that to the ear  
Are not clear,  
Being far too fleet  
And too sweet,  
Make our hearts, which hear,  
Wildly beat.

Much my heart was stirred  
When I heard,  
In this valley green  
And serene,  
But just now, the word,  
“Geraldine.”

## THE REVERIE OF A SPINSTER.

### ROUNDEL.

I OFTEN sigh as I reflect  
How love has always passed me by.  
"Some curse is mine, some gross defect,"  
I often sigh.

No arms I have to which to fly ;  
No look my longings to detect ;  
No home to cheer ; to hush, no cry.

'T is hard to keep my self-respect ;  
'T is hard my nature to defy.  
" A life that has no love is wreck'd,"  
I often sigh.

## THOUGHTS ON SEEING A BELLE.

Can feet so fairy light  
Have earthly mission ?  
Can breast so snowy white  
Burn with ambition ?

Can eyes so soft as thine  
With envy glisten ?  
Can ears so pink and fine  
To scandal listen ?

## ILLS, PRESENT AND PAST.

THE ills of the present were easier to bear,  
If we but remembered the ills of the past,  
The most of which only made life less fair  
For the moment, too unsubstantial to last ;  
While the rest that remained soon ceased to smart,  
And live now as memories which we treasure  
In some remote corner or nook of the heart,  
And from which we derive a certain sad pleasure.

## IN THE CAMPO SANTO.

“BEHOLD yon gloomy monk,  
With cowl drawn o'er his head :  
He looks like one that holds  
Communion with the dead.”

“Yes ; did you hear him breathe  
A gentle name, and sigh ?  
And did you see the tear  
That glistened in his eye.”

## LITTLE PHIL.

### MUTATIS MUTANDIS.

A MILE from home is pleasure-loving Phil,  
And indistinct the objects round him grow :  
The heavens which he thought would be aglow  
With clouds are darkened, and the air is chill.  
He hears the crickets chirp, the tree-toads trill.  
Upon the woody highway shadows throw  
Their silent terrors. Tales of long ago  
Flash through his wretched mind, impair his will,  
And lend uncanny fancies to his ears.  
He sees a shape before him, and behind  
A stealthy, quick-approaching step he hears.  
He stops. His heart beats fast. Then like the  
wind  
He rushes on, until the friendly light  
Of home he sees. Then laughs he at his fright.

## TO MADELEINE.

I FANCIED I could live for art ;  
And so I closed, without regret,  
The open portals of my heart,  
And kept them closed, until I met  
                My love, my queen,  
                My Madeleine.

I fancied fame the sweetest prize ;  
And so for fame I chose to live :  
But had I fame that reached the skies,  
It all for thee I'd gladly give,  
                My love, my queen,  
                My Madeleine.

## AFTER MEETING A POET.

### TRIOLET.

He's written many a lovely line,  
And yet he's hardly known to fame.  
(O Fate, a mocking smile is thine !)  
He's written many a lovely line,  
And yet he's hardly known to fame.  
What hope is there for verse of mine  
When his is slighted (more's the shame !)  
He's written many a lovely line,  
And yet he's hardly known to fame.

## A READY CONCESSION.

“ You should not say my love 's grown less :  
It really is not true.  
You only said so — come, confess !  
Because you 're feeling blue.”

“ Well, *greater*, then, — about a word  
Why make so much ado ?  
Your love 's grown greater, for I 've heard  
You love my rival too.”

## SHE WAS WONDROUS FAIR.

SHE was wondrous fair, and I gloried much  
In the thrilling power of her glance and touch  
And the luring charm of her laughter ;  
But I did not see that her lips were too red,  
That her love was not life, but death instead,  
Till I came to myself long after.

Although I hate her, and curse her well,  
Yet even now I 'm not free from her spell  
And never shall be hereafter ;  
For over my memory her power is such  
That I oft feel the thrill of her glance and touch  
And the luring charm of her laughter.

## HAPPINESS.

ALL other happiness in life is small  
Compared with that we feel when some great  
fear,  
Or gruesome dread, that long has held us thrall,  
Doth of a sudden wholly disappear.

## PREJUDICES.

PREJUDICES, put to flight  
Like the darkness of the night,  
Leave things in their proper light.  
Use thy reason, then, and be  
From all prejudices free.

## A CRITICISM.

My lover is a poet : when he speaks  
I feel the color surge into my cheeks,  
So manly are his words, so sweet, so plain.  
But when he writes me poems, all in vain  
I try to think he found them in his heart :  
The meaning is too veiled, too deft his art ;  
They lack the ring of the impulsive lays  
Of those that sang in less esthetic days :  
They do not bring the color to my cheeks, —  
My lover is a poet, *when he speaks !*

## EPITAPH.

THE friends of him that lies beneath this sod  
Are not his loss deplored :  
Their sleep is calm and peaceful now, thank God !  
For he has quit his snoring.

## SURVIVAL OF THE LESS FIT.

OUR honeymoon was hardly over  
Before I was of joy bereft,  
Because I found I 'd lost my lover,  
And only had a husband left.

## WAIT A WHILE.

Joy, what art thou ? tell me,  
Though I know thee well.  
"Wait a while," said Sorrow,  
"Wait, and I will tell."

Life, what art thou ? tell me,  
Though I draw thy breath.  
"Wait, and I will answer ;  
Wait a while," said Death.

## ALONE.

AMONG the leaves I heard  
    A bird  
Sing o'er and o'er again  
    A strain  
That seemed a weary word  
    Of pain,

Which I, all joy denied,  
    Supplied,  
And sadder there is none :  
    This one,  
Which often I have sighed :  
    “ Alone.”

## LOVE ONCE GONE IS GONE FOREVER.

FACES please us, voices charm us,  
And our reason tries to prove,  
That, although traduced or broken,  
Still our hearts are free to love.

But our hearts, forgetting nothing,  
No such sophistry can stir :  
Love once gone is gone forever ;  
Passions only oft recur.

## THE PURPOSE OF PAIN.

BUT little of the laws we know  
That govern joy and pain,  
Save that the former loves to go,  
The latter to remain.

Yet, whether sad or happy, this  
We all alike must see,  
If life were sweeter than it is,  
More bitter death would be.

## ALAS! POOR TREE.

RONDEAU.

ALAS, poor tree ! beneath your shade  
Long years ago, a child, I played,  
And on your limbs, stair after stair,  
I clambered high into the air,  
And from the top the world surveyed,

And wondered how 't was ever made,  
And in such lovely dress arrayed ;  
But now of branches you are bare.  
Alas, poor tree !

You, too, it seems, have but obeyed  
The law that makes the features fade  
Of every one, however fair,  
And turns to white the blackest hair ;  
And low you too will soon be laid.  
Alas, poor tree !

## REMEMBER ME.

### ROUNDEL.

REMEMBER me, as one who gave  
His earliest, sweetest love to thee —  
As one, the while, half god half slave, —  
Remember me.

In years to come, if times there be  
When tender memory's refluent wave  
Restores thee, heart and fancy free,

To maidenhood, a smile I crave,  
As loving as I used to see,  
Or tear if I be in my grave.  
Remember me !

## CONTRASTS.

IN every voice we hear a cry  
For something unattained ;  
Or else a deep, despairing sigh  
For something unregained.

In every face we see the light  
Of days not yet arrived,  
Or else the record of a night  
That peace has not survived.

In every touch we feel the love  
Of animating breath ;  
Or else some intimation of  
A lessening dread of death.

## COMPENSATION.

TO G. H.

I too wept bitter tears  
In bygone years ;  
But, growing old, forgot  
How sad had been my lot.  
And so these days to thee  
Will seem ere long to be,  
Not what they are,  
But beautiful and fair.

Yet why 't is so,  
I do not know ;  
Unless, perchance,  
As we in age advance  
And hopes prove vain,  
Fate, out of pity, chooses  
That what the future loses  
The past shall gain.

## THEN AND NOW.

A YOUTH, I loved the hills and dells,  
The woods and singing streams,  
And moonlight sails upon the lake,  
And lost myself in dreams.

A man, I love my books and pipe,  
The glow the embers cast,  
And if, by chance, I ever dream,  
'T is only of the past.

## A CHANCE MEETING.

### ROUNDEL.

WHEN I met her just now in the street,  
I felt that my cheek grew red,  
And I passed without turning my head,  
Or removing my eyes from my feet.  
She looked just as pretty and sweet  
As she did in the days that have fled.  
When I met her just now in the street,  
I felt that my cheek grew red.  
Though I fancied we some day should meet,  
Ere the years of our youth had all sped,  
Still I thought the old feelings were dead ;  
But I know that she heard my heart beat,  
When I met her just now in the street.

## EVERY HEART'S A SHRINE.

IN busy haunts I pass my days,  
My evenings by the fire ;  
I 'm weaned from all my youthful ways ;  
I burn with no desire.

Men call me cold, and doubtless I  
Have grown so unaware ;  
And, since I do not make reply,  
They think I little care.

Some things there are, which are not told,  
That others ne'er divine ;  
Yet every heart, however cold,  
For some name is a shrine.

## ILLUSIONS.

WHY smilest thou? Illusions  
Are not confined to youth :  
Ours even show a wider  
Divergence from the truth.

Think only of the ev'nings  
That find us now alone,  
How we forget completely  
Our youth is past and gone,

Recalling old emotions  
Until they seem like new,  
And rosy hopes, long faded,  
Till they regain their hue.

## PLEASURES.

SONNET.

WHEN, years ago, I was a little child,  
I loved to be out doors the livelong day,  
And with companions in the fields to play,  
To gather flowers, and wander through the wild.  
Then later, when a youth, I was beguiled  
To visit lands I'd read of far away.  
How sweet my freedom was, and life how gay !  
My heart was quick to beat when beauty smiled.

But now that I have passed my golden prime,  
And care no more in foreign lands to roam,  
Whenever I am blessed with leisure time  
I love the restful atmosphere of home,  
A wholesome book, a pipe, a clever friend.  
Life has its pleasures to its very end.

## A COMPARISON.

WHEN I look back upon the past,  
I needs must breathe a sigh  
Of deep regret, to think how fast  
My youth's sweet years flew by.  
What strength, what courage, then were mine !  
What rosy hopes ! what dreams divine !

But one by one my hopes proved vain,  
And all my dreams untrue ;  
My strength and courage to retain  
Is all I now can do.  
Compared with what I hoped to be,  
I am but sorry parody.

## CONSOLATION.

As little children in their grief  
Are often offered this relief :  
“ To-morrow, waking from thy sleep,  
Thou wilt not grieve, my child, nor weep ;  
For trifling then and far away  
Will seem the troubles of to-day ; ”

So, often we a whisper hear  
That sweetly bids, “ Be of good cheer,  
And comfort in the knowledge take  
That there ’s a sleep from which thou ’lt wake,  
To find forever passed away  
The troubles of thy life’s short day.”

## LOST.

WHO feels not sometime like a child  
That 's lost, and wanders in the wild,  
And tries to keep a hopeful heart,  
Although he feels his strength depart,  
And sees around him and before  
Uncertainty and nothing more?

## LIKE A LEAF.

How often, recalling our love,  
Of you do I think and dream,  
Now that lonely and aimless I move,  
Like a leaf down a sinuous stream.

My heart will be yours till I die,  
Though never we meet the while :  
I would rather remember, and sigh,  
Than forget the past, and smile.

## A LONELY WAY.

### ROUNDEL.

A LONELY way in life we tread,  
And every signboard seems to say,  
While pointing out our course ahead :  
"A lonely way."

Though by companions, blithe and gay  
Apparently, our steps are led,  
And jollity marks every day,

Still we are conscious that, instead  
Of walking closely with us, they,  
As we, pursue, when all is said,  
A lonely way.

## FAR AWAY.

THE hills of Woodstock rise  
Close up against the skies,  
    And often,  
While over them I stray,  
My eyes look far away  
    And soften.

They soften with the tears  
That tell of ties the years  
    Would sever ;  
Of joys that long have fled,  
Of hopes that now are dead  
    Forever.

## TOO LATE.

THOU comest, Fate,  
Too late.  
No favor now  
Canst thou  
Bestow on me  
That would not be  
A mockery,  
Save death ; and even that would not  
Be different from my present lot.

## IN MY WAKEFUL HOURS.

OFTEN, in my wakeful hours,  
Fields I see all fill'd with flowers,  
Birds and brooks, and woodlands green,  
Happy hills, and skies serene.

Times there are, again, when I  
See dead leaves go whirling by,  
Gaze upon an endless wold,  
Gaze, and shiver with the cold.

## DEAD.

NEVER more her voice will ring  
Through the woodlands in the spring.  
Never more her hands will cull  
Fragrant flowers and beautiful.  
Never more her eyes will shine  
Eloquently into mine.  
Dead, forever dead, is she,  
Dead, but oh ! not dead to me.

## MY SWEET LORRAINE, MY FAIR LORRAINE.

My sweet Lorraine, my fair Lorraine,  
When I recall the hours  
I passed with thee in wood and lea  
Among the birds and flowers,  
I hear thy laugh, thy merry laugh,  
And on thy lips I press,  
My sweet Lorraine, my fair Lorraine,  
A lover's long caress.

My sweet Lorraine, my fair Lorraine,  
I yearn for thee and weep,  
And sacred in my heart of hearts  
Thy memory I keep ;  
And so shall come when life is done  
As happy to thy side,  
My sweet Lorraine, my fair Lorraine,  
As bridegroom to his bride.

JOHN ELIOT BOWEN.

DIED JANUARY 3, 1890.

HE fought with death, but not with life, in vain,  
Of men the noblest, worthiest of love ;  
And death, as if *its* love of him to prove,  
Gave not to him but us to bear the pain.

## VISIONS.

### VILLANELLE.

I HAVE only to close my eyes,  
Which often with sadness fill,  
And before me sweet visions rise.

To see under summer skies  
The sheen of valley and hill,  
I have only to close my eyes.

My memory backward flies  
To the days when my fortune was nil,  
And before me sweet visions rise.

Those were days of smiles, not of sighs ;  
And to smile even now at will,  
I have only to close my eyes.

Yes ; the past, that was happy, supplies  
Me now with pleasures that thrill,  
And before me sweet visions rise.

Death, when I think of the ties  
That bind me to hearts that are still,  
I have only to close my eyes,  
And before me sweet visions rise.

END.

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